

**common tongue (of your lovin' me) by  
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**Summary:**

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## common tongue (of your lovin' me)

### Author's Note:

What's this? Two fics technically posted on the same day? Two fics with the titles taken from the SAME SONG? Yeah, I'm on a writing kick, enjoy this pointless filth.

In response to [this post](#).

Billy had something of a fixation.

Steve noticed it early on, though never thought to say much of anything. How could such things be voiced? How could he ask about such things? So he didn't. He simply observed.

He licked his lips, to the point where they were chapped and bleeding half the time. Some of the first times Steve noticed his own attraction were when that tongue was out at him, cocky and teasing, pulling over lips and teeth. There were times when Steve wondered if that tongue would be the death of him. If Billy Hargrove would one day devour him whole.

He kept things in his mouth most of the time, grew restless when he didn't have anything to occupy his tongue. Cigarettes, mostly, smoking like a goddamn chimney. Pack-a-day, most of the time.

Steve started buying him lollipops, sugar to wean him off the nicotine. It worked, too, and tasted better when Steve was kissing him. He had one dangling from his lips more often than not, content to have them on his tongue. Anything he could suck on was enough to satisfy, really.

He noticed it most when they first started having sex, though.

Their first time had been loud. Hell, almost violently so. Billy had pinned his legs up above his head in the back of his Camaro, tongue pressed flat against Steve's twitching rim. His tongue probed and prodded, slicking him and spearing him open, invading Steve's most

intimate place for the first time. He'd been almost infatuated with the taste of him, hungrily devouring his hole as he worked him open with tongue and fingers, spit slathered deep in his guts, until he was wet and open for him.

Even after, even once his cock was sheathed deep inside of him, Billy's use of that mouth didn't stop. Teeth and tongue pressed against the pale flesh of his neck, leaving bruises in their wake.

He noticed it again the first time Billy had gotten on his knees for him.

He was loudest on his knees, taking Steve's cock in his mouth.

He had moaned like a whore, humming around his cock every time Steve's hips thrust deeper. His tongue kept busy, sweeping circles around the head, pressing hard against the slit. Steve had stared down, mesmerized as Billy began to stroke himself, bringing himself to completion as quickly as he brought Steve.

Steve could've come twice at what came next, though.

Billy held Steve in his mouth, even after his cock sputtered and spurt, spending down his throat as he eagerly swallowed it all. He kept the head of his cock just past his lips until Steve was flaccid, savoring the heavy, heady feeling against his tongue. He suckled against the head of his cock until Steve was squirming with oversensitivity, unable to watch him any longer.

In the moment after, he watched as Billy rose his own fingers to his lips. He'd come all over his own fist, hand messy with the thick, white fluid. Steve could feel his cock twitch and threaten to harden again as he watched him lick himself clean, eyes holding contact as he sucked the cum from his fingers. Filthy fucking minx, Steve had cursed.

It was all it took for Steve to realize the certain proclivities that Billy found himself inclined toward. That boy liked to use his mouth.

"What the fuck are you doing, Harrington?"

This was not an uncommon question coming from his lips. A question that came almost on the daily, in one way or another. It was typically in response to some any sort of affection, still not quite used to that yet. Affection beyond fucking was still new, but Steve was teaching him to appreciate it. Crave it, even.

But this was different.

Harrington was textbook easy. Understanding him, knowing where he liked to be touched, moving with his body, it was easy. He liked to be pinned down and fucked most times. Sometimes Billy would push him down onto the bed and open himself up, ride Harrington's cock until he came. They were a versatile pair, but their dynamic rarely changed too much. Billy on top, commanding and demanding, and Steve was more or less along for the ride. But this... This was something new.

Something that still drew those words to his lips.

"Just trust me, okay?" Steve said. "C'mon, on your knees."

Billy submitted to few, but Steve could always get him right where he wanted him. With a disgruntled sigh and a curse, he fell to his knees. Steve was rarely so bossy with him, oftentimes letting him take the reigns, letting him have what he wanted. Billy fell to his knees when he wanted to, pushed Steve to his when he wanted to fuck his mouth. Billy spread his legs when he felt like it, and fucked Steve senseless when he wanted to. But Steve rarely took control like this.

Billy jerked forward when Steve knelt behind him, taking his wrists and tugging them behind his back. He opened his mouth in protest before Steve hushed him, a hand pressing between his shoulder blades to keep him steady. He let out a breath, and decided to allow for it as Steve tied his hands there with his belt, tightening it around his wrists without much hope for escape. There were few men that Billy would fall to his knees for, fewer that he would be bound for, but King fucking Steve tended to be his exception.

"I wanna try something," Steve said, rising again to his feet, leaving Billy bound beneath him. He watched with hungry eyes as Steve unbuttoned his jeans, licking his lips as he stepped closer. The hard

outline of his cock stood at eye-level, a wet patch blooming across his thin white boxers, and it took everything in him not to mouth at him through his clothes right then and there.

But he waited, watching as Steve pulled his cock free, giving himself a few strokes. Billy was fucking hungry for it, watching as his own cock hardened within his own pants, straining against the denim cages.

“Alright,” Steve began. “Open.”

Billy opted to obey, lips parting and tongue pressing flat against the underside of Steve’s cock, licking a stripe up to the head. He felt Steve shudder, heard him let out a shaking breath, and smiled to himself with small satisfaction.

He ran his tongue along the slit, lapping at the salty pre-cum gathered there, taking him into his mouth in full, smearing it down the shaft. His tongue was sloppy, spit smeared against flesh and dripping down his chin, but he hardly cared, satisfied with the noises Steve made above him, and the weight of him on his tongue.

He liked the way it felt, Steve in his mouth. It made him ache, wishing he had his hands free to beat himself off in time with the bobbing of his head around Steve’s cock. But with hands tied behind him, he was denied his own release, denied his own pleasure, forced instead of focus on Steve’s.

Not that he really minded much.

He was pretty sure he could come in his pants like a virgin on prom night just from looking at him. King fucking Steve, head thrown back as his hips thrust into his mouth, hands tugging through Billy’s curls, the earthy taste of him on his tongue...

“*Shit*, Billy,” Steve groaned, fingers pulling tighter through his hair as Billy’s cock twitched hard. “Fuck, baby, so fucking good. *Shit*, Billy, *your fucking mouth*.”

Praises made him weak in the knees, much as he hated to admit it. Something about his shithole of a father made him crave for

affection, though he would never fucking admit to it. Just some fucking theory Steve had about him. But the evidence of his arousal couldn't exactly be denied, his cock throbbing between his legs as he ached for his own release.

"I'm gonna fuck your mouth," Steve said, and it wasn't a question. It was a statement, and Billy wasn't exactly in a position to deny him. Not that he would have wanted to anyway.

Billy let out a moan around his cock as Steve thrust into the back of his throat, until he threatened to choke and gag on it. He couldn't breathe again until Steve pulled away again, leaving him dizzy and lightheaded and leaking in his boxers, pre-cum leaving the cotton wet and clinging to his dick.

If his hands weren't tied behind his fucking back, he would've pushed Steve down onto the bed and sucked him off that way. He would've kept his hands steady across his hips, pushing him into the mattress until he stilled long enough for him to take in whole, swallow down whole. He would've kept one hand pushed against him, the other tugging at his own cock...

But instead, he was being used as little more than a glorified fuck-hole. Something for Steve to use and fuck until he got his fill, denying him his pleasure here altogether. The thought made Billy even harder, to see Steve taking charge over him and thrusting roughly between his hollowed cheeks.

His jaws hurt, and all he could taste was the salty flesh against his tongue, savoring the jerk and thrust and twitch and throb. Billy could feel himself aching and threatening to come in his pants from the heat and weight in his mouth alone, pulled to the edge of his climax, but not quite allowed to tumble over.

He needed friction. He needed touch. He needed the rub and tug of his cock. He needed the brush of fingers against him, just enough to pull him over...

Billy pulled away sharply, leaving Steve's hard cock slick with spit and pre-cum just barely from his panting, parted lips. He took a moment, chest heaving before gazing up toward Steve with pleading

eyes.

Pathetic, he must have looked, but he didn't have it in him to care. He was so often the one teasing, pulling him to the brink of begging, that he wasn't quite accustomed to such torture.

"Fuck, baby, you gotta touch me. Fucking hurts," he mumbled, still catching his breath as he pulled himself up closer, shifting forward on his knees to rest his forehead against Steve's hip bone. He pressed himself up firm against Steve's shin, making fucking certain that he could feel how fucking hard he was, and perhaps show just an ounce of sympathy. "I gotta come, baby. You gotta let me come."

Steve's eyes lit up, mischievous and dirty as he pressed his leg harder up against Billy's erection, drawing a sharp whine from his lips.

"Fuck yourself against my leg, then, if you're so desperate for it," he said, a challenge in his voice as Billy stared up with annoyance in his gaze.

"Seriously, Harrington?" Billy growled, but didn't deny himself the opportunity. "You're gonna make me hump your leg like a fucking dog?"

"Do you wanna come?"

"Asshole," Billy grumbled, but found himself too horny, too worked up to protest. He would undoubtedly make a mess of himself, come in his jeans and leave them stained and soiled, but there were more important things to think about than his jeans.

It took some awkward adjustment, but Steve's cock found its way back into his mouth, and his leg propped between Billy's thighs. Hands balled in fists, he rubbed himself lewdly against his shin as he took him deeper into his mouth, cockhead pressing insistently against the back of his throat and balls nudging against his chin.

He half wished that he could reach up, massage his balls, encourage him onward, but Steve didn't really seem to need it. His balls were tightening against his body, and so were Billy's as he rutted senselessly against his leg like an animal in heat.

Billy took him in harder, deeper, threatening to swallow him whole, chasing down Steve's orgasm like he was chasing down oxygen. He wanted to suck it from him, wanted to swallow everything that Steve gave him, feel the warmth settle in the pit of his belly as his cock softened in his mouth, wanted to suck him until he jerked away with oversensitivity.

His orgasm came fast, and sudden. Steve shuddered and groaned, hands threading through his curls and pulling down hard, threatening to gag him, but Billy welcomed the force. He moaned, thrusting up against the cotton and denim as the hot cum slid down his throat.

As Steve's cock began to soften in his mouth, Billy moaned obscenely around him, hips picking up speed in jerking, uncoordinated thrusts. He would've preferred to be in Steve's mouth, or between his thighs, but King fucking Steve kept him rutting against his leg with his cock soft in his mouth, and Billy couldn't have been more fucking ruined.

Billy came hard as Steve's cock went flaccid, lips releasing him to instead press against his hip bone, steadying himself as he pulled himself to completion. He felt the damp heat spread through his jeans, making a mess of himself and of Steve.

Billy fell back against his heels, suddenly too tired to move as sleepy eyes turned up toward Steve. A small, shit-eating grin crossed his lips to find Steve as sated and mesmerized as he was, swaying lightly with a wet stain marking his shin.

The silence filled the room, save for the sound of heaving breaths for a long moment before Steve leaned down, thumb running over his chin to wipe away cum that had dribbled from his lips. He pushed his finger past Billy's swollen, pink lips, instructing him to lick it clean, and he complied with only a nipping bite in teasing response.

"King Steve, huh," he sighed as Steve silently stepped behind him to free his hands. He rubbed at the raw skin around his wrists, places where he had pulled and hadn't even noticed. "Bossing me around, got me on my fucking knees now, yeah? Never fail to surprise me, Harrington."

"Yeah, well, I'm full of surprises," Steve said, tucking himself back

into stained and soiled jeans, pulling his belt back around his waist.

“Well,” he said, rising to his feet, rubbing at his wrists before grabbing at Steve’s hips, pulling him in tight to his chest, bodies pressed tight together until it was hard to find where one began and the other started. Billy bit his lower lip before stealing a sharp kiss, and another, and another, until their lips were tingling and Steve could taste himself on his tongue. “I think you made me make a fuckin’ mess, Harrington. And I think it’s only fair if I make you clean me up.”

### **Author’s Note:**

\*waves my cup like a beggar but instead of spare change just give comments\*